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Literary Announcement.

A Poem has recently appeared, under the title of "LORIN, or THE WANDERER IN WALES," from the pen of Mr. Jones, of Swansea, which we are desirous of recommending to the notice of our readers. The subject of the poem, indeed, does not come, strictly speaking, within the plan of our work; but the scene being laid in Wales, and the author being himself a native of the Principality, will, we hope, form some apology for this slight deviation from our general rule. These circumstances of themselves, however, we should hardly have considered sufficient to justify this notice; but, strengthened as they are, by the merit of the production, we have no hesitation in offering a few remarks on Mr. Jones's poem.—Lorin, the hero of the tale, is a young man, whose mind had been alienated from the common charities of our nature by a train of overwhelming misfortunes, among which was a cruel disappointment in the hopes of his earliest and purest affections. In a state of mental distraction he seeks a refuge among the mountains of Wales, where he wanders for a long time a misanthrope and an outcast. At length, in a fit of desperate phrenzy, he endeavours, by plunging into the sea, to put a period to his sorrows, but is rescued at the moment by a village pastor, through whose pious care he afterwards experiences the most consolatory relief. While in this state of mind, accident restores to him the long lost object of his young passion, and with her return the serenity of mind and the happiness he had formerly known, while her hand is at length the compensation for all the ills he had endured.—Such is a faint, and but a faint, outline of Mr. Jones's production, which he has contrived to fill up with considerable effect, and particularly in portraying the misanthropic workings of Lorin's estranged intellect. His wild and gloomy musings are described with much poetical energy, and necessarily form a prominent feature of the poem, in which, however, are interspersed many fine touches of a different character, that bear ample testimony to the versatile skill of the writer. We select a short passage of this latter complexion, with which to close our brief notice of the "Wanderer in Wales;" it paints the first appearance of the rosy-fingered goddess, and, as it strikes us, in very picturesque colours:—

"Up starts the blue-eyed goddess of the morn,
Her buskins lac'd, and slung her bugle horn;
Fresh for the race, as merry and as free,
As well becomes such harbinger to be:
A light coronal binds her golden hair,
And half the pride of that fair breast is bare,
Woo'd by the breeze, that wanton plays around,
And her slight waist is slightly cestus-bound.
Away she trips, with fairy step along,
O'er hill and dale, the bosk and dell among;
Kissing the rose, and sipping off the dew,
That hangs upon the hare-bell's lip of blue:
Through her bright horn, in sounds that stir and shake,
She cries—'Up, sleeper, up—awake, awake!
'Nature's blest harmony revolves again,
'And calls to action the best sons of men.'"